He is franke vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it,
Rut. A vertuous and Chriſtian like conclution,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe,
Catſ. Maddam his Maieſty doth call for you :
And for your noble grace and you my Lord.
Qu. Catsby we come, Lords will you goe with vs.
Ri. Maddam we will attend your grace, *Exunt Ma. Gl.*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braul,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuious charge of others :
Clarence, whome I indeede haue laid in darkeneſſe :
I doe beweepe to many ſimple gulls :
Namely to Haſtings, Darby Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies.
That ſtirre the K. againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall wet me
To bee reuenged one *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*.
But then ſigh, and with a peece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill :
And thus I cloath my naked villany
With old od ends, ſtolen out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a S. when moſt I play the diuell.
But ſoft heere comes my executioners, *Enter executioners.*
How now, my hardly ſtout reſolued mates,
Are yea not going to diſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me,
When you haue done repaire to Croſby place :
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution :
Withall, obdurate : doe not heere him pleade,
For *Clarens* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May mooue your hearts to pity if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not, my Lord we will not ſtant to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured :
We come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eyes drop milſtones, when fooles eies drop teares
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe. *Exunt*

Enter Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day?
Cla. O I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames :
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t'were to by a world of happy dayes,
So full of diſmall terrour was the time.
Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tellit.
Cla Me thought I was imbarkt for burgundy,
And in my company my brother *Gloceſter*,
Who from my cabben tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches there he lookes toward *England*,
And cited up a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*,
That had befallen vs : as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that *Gloceſter* ſtumbled and in ſtumbling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine :
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dredfull noyſe of water in mine eares,
What a ſight of death within mine eyes :
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, greate Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inеſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As if it twere in ſcorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wade the ſlimie bottome of the deepe,
And mokt the dead bones that lay ſcatered by.
Brok. Had you ſuch leaſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought I had : for ſtill the enuious flood
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the empty, vaſt, and wandring ayre,

But